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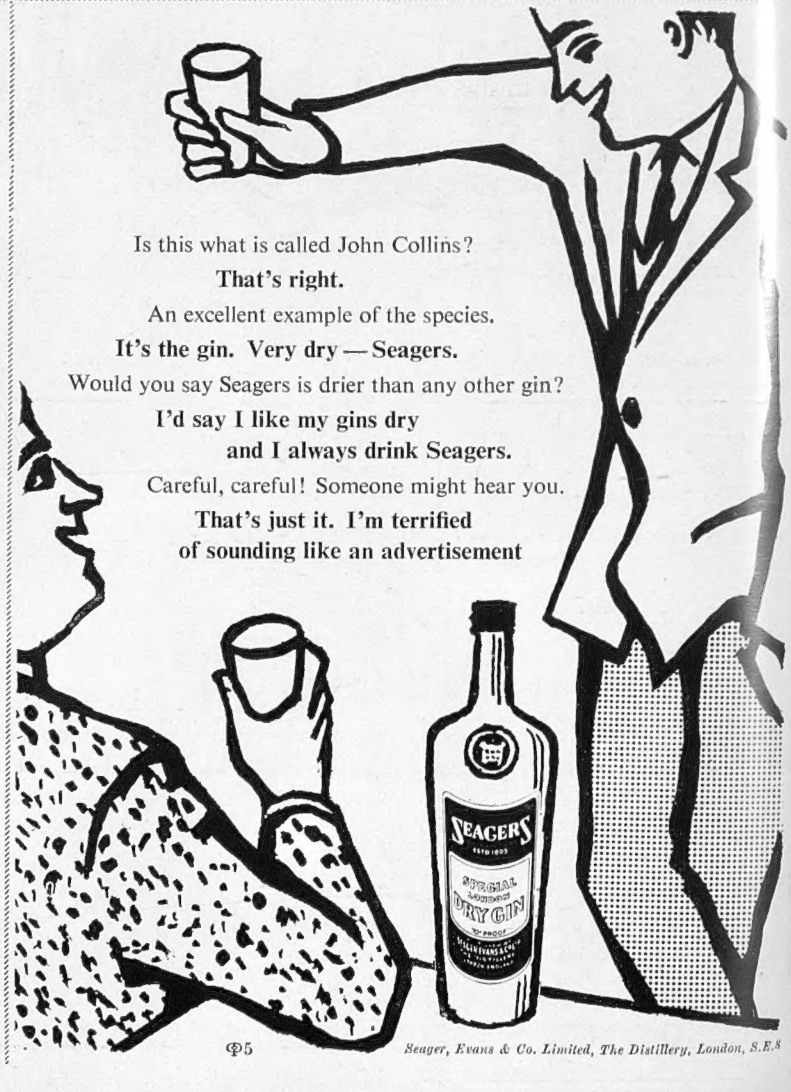
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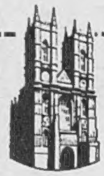

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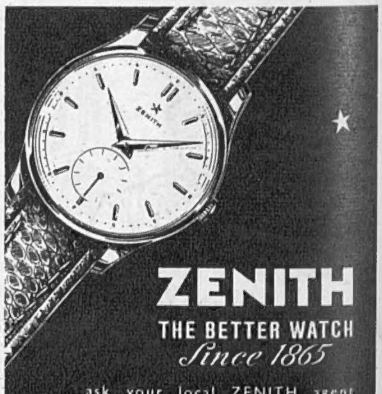

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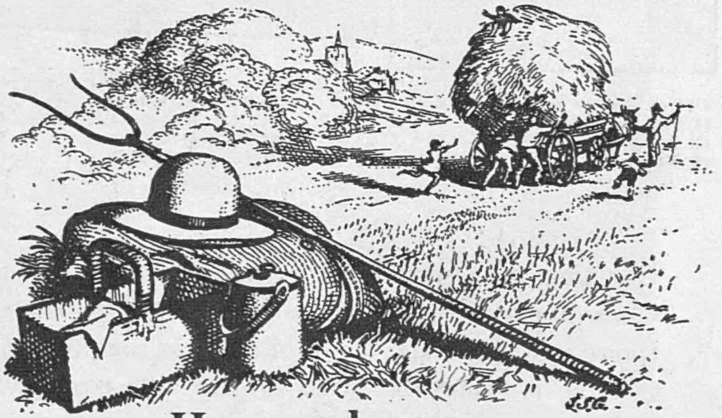

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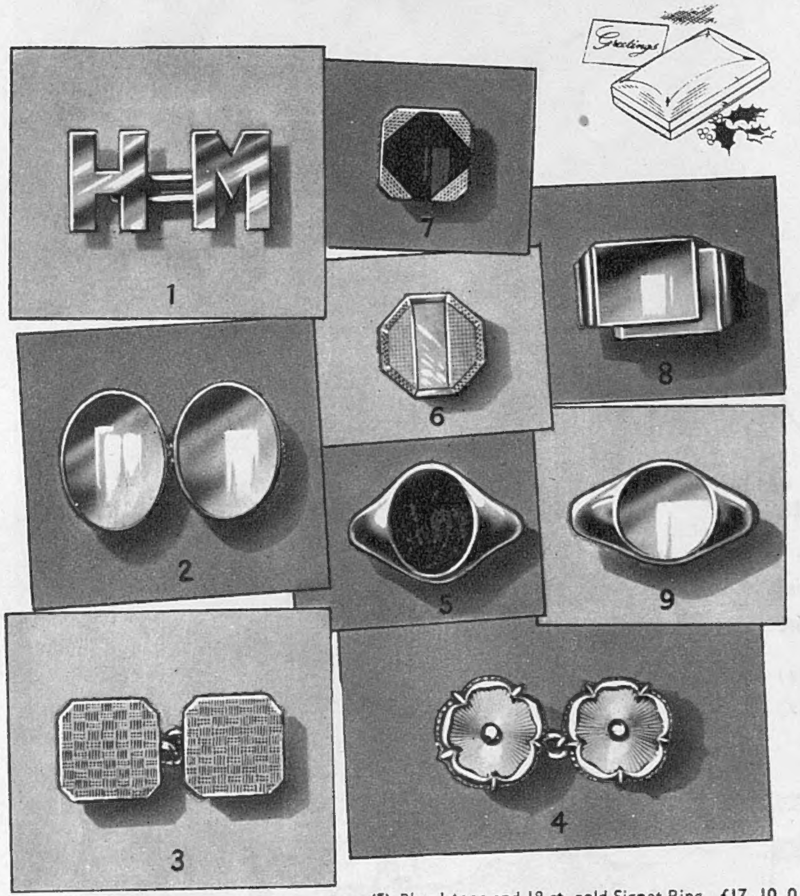

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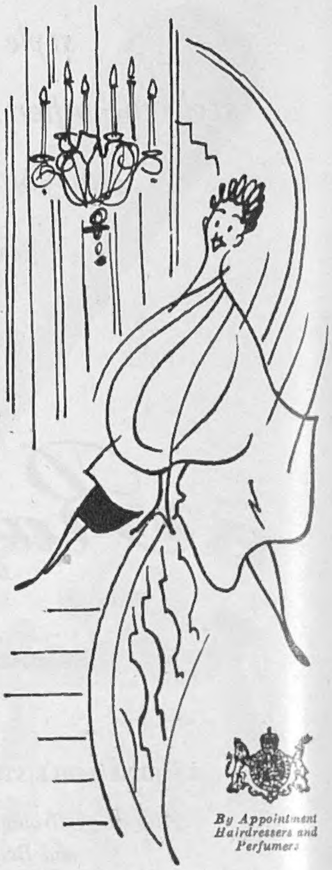

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1953

Photographed by Percy Kessell.

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH!

The smile that reaches from ear to ear, the bulbous nose, the "balding" head—it's a sight that will be repeated a thousandfold throughout the world at Christmas, but nowhere quite so thoroughly as in England. This particular clown is the internationally famous "Harty," whose antics have brought laughter to hundreds of thousands of children and adults in the past and will continue to do so this year: he is appearing with the Tom Arnold circus at Harringay.

Artist "Mac" went along to the Scala Theatre for us on December 2nd, for the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society's performance of *Marie Antoinette*, which was attended by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The play, which was in aid of King Edward VII.'s Hospital for Officers, was very well received. Costuming and acting were of a professional standard, and director Robin Rook and author Henry Bernard are well deserving of the many congratulations they both received.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

CHRISTMAS becomes a less complicated festival, I think, once children have made up their minds about Father Christmas and his identity. Just recently, one of my youngsters said to me, when I made some half-hearted threat as to what "Father Christmas" would do in certain circumstances: "Oh, Daddy, he 's you!"—an acknowledgment of the source of the vast outpouring of energy and treasure which annually marks the season of goodwill, which I found gratifying, for all the slightly contemptuous tones in which the remark was couched.

Some Christmases ago "Father Christmas" suffered a slight setback in my household. Late on Christmas Eve he was endeavouring, slightly rashly, to carry up a fairly steep flight of stairs two of his shooting stockings, grossly and lumpily elongated by packages, so that they looked like boa constrictors who had been tempted to make a meal off the contents of the coal-cellar. In the toe of each boa-constrictor was an orange. On one of these "Father Christmas" trod, executing a spectacular, if ungraceful, descent from top to bottom of the stairs in consequence. Next morning, said my eldest: "Mummy was pretty batey with you last night, wasn't she, Daddy?"—"No, no, my boy," I said, "I don't know what you mean." To which, with a knowing smile, the little brute replied: "Oh, yes, Daddy, I heard her saying, when 'Father Christmas' fell downstairs, 'Oh, go to bed, you ass. I 'll do it myself!'"

I must confess that on that occasion "Father Christmas," having a sprained ankle and bruises all over, felt that insult was being added to injury.

THE echoes of the House of Lords debate on television show no signs of dying away. I have long been a fan of their Lordships' House, where the debates are consistently on a much higher level than in the "other place" (in the strictly non-theological sense of the term), and the two days which noble lords gave to discussing a subject about which most knew nothing, but all felt strongly, were remarkable for the high level of senatorial eloquence.

A turn-out of this quantity imposes a problem for the House of Lords attendants, who pride themselves on their ability to recognise any peer, even if he has only made one appearance in the Chamber. I saw, however, one or two slightly puzzled looks on the attendants' faces, and recalled the famous occasion in the 1930's when there was a debate which aroused equal interest. An old gentleman pottered in and sat down. His face was unfamiliar to the attendants, who were torn between reluctance to allow the red benches to be sullied by any unhallowed commoner, and equal reluctance to have to admit ignorance. Happily, however, the newcomer said something to a neighbour, who shortly afterwards left the Chamber. He was tackled by the attendant as to who his lordship might be. "I don't know," came the reply, "but he can't have been here for some time, because he said to me: 'Who 's up?' and when I replied 'Salisbury,' he said: 'Good God, the man 's shaved!'"

The Government's two-to-one victory was due very largely to the persuasiveness of Lord Salisbury. This influence, in its turn, is due to his charm of manner and simplicity of character. Indeed, I have heard it said that the ultimate in unpleasantness has been reached if Lord Salisbury is heard to say that, on the whole, he is not sure that So-and-so is a "very, very nice man." Lord Brabazon's breezy castigation of Lord Reith, whom he said had a habit of "going about looking rather like the wrath of God," greatly amused the House. The former dictator of the B.B.C. has a strong streak of John Knox in him.

THOSE who are critical of Oliver Lyttelton for having left discussions with the Kabaka entirely in the hands of the Governor of Uganda, do not know Sir Andrew Cohen. Sir Andrew, in his early forties, is perhaps the most persuasive member of the Colonial Service hierarchy, and it is generally safe to assume that what *he* cannot accomplish in conversation, no one can.

A mutual friend who met him in 1943 was telling me the other night that Sir Andrew had then just piled up a series of "persuasion" successes in Malta, where he had been working under both Sir William Dobbie and Lord Gort. A broadcast which he made during the worst period of the siege is still talked of at Valetta dinner-tables. A major problem which confronted the authorities at that time was the huge army of starving stray dogs which infested the island, and were a particular danger on account of the diseases they spread, and the attacks they had made on young children. In spite of the menace, the Maltese, who, unlike most Mediterranean peoples, are very fond of animals, refused to have them destroyed, although at this point food stocks were so low that Lord Gort held a Council to discuss the question as to whether the morale of the population could stand the reduction of the number of dried peas per plate, which made up the daily one-course meal provided in the Victory Kitchens, from sixteen to twelve! The Church authorities, who exercise great authority in Malta, had ordered the clergy to urge on the faithful from the pulpit the necessity of destroying the animals, but without avail. The problem was completely solved by a five-minute talk from the local broadcasting station by Sir Andrew, in which he explained in a few concise, but persuasive, phrases exactly why this unpleasant necessity had to be.

THE pre-Christmas period is always one in which individuals and organisations seem to vie with each other to pack in as many parties and functions as possible before the real private over-eating begins. Recently I appeared to be going to a lunch or a dinner almost every day. There was the most amusing St. Andrew's Night dinner at Hurlingham, organised by the indefatigable Brigadier MacLeod. I have once before commended Mr. Fred Boland, the Irish Ambassador, as an after-dinner speaker. He proposed the toast of Bonnie Scotland, and pointed out that the only time that Ireland has gone in for overseas expansion was when the Irish crossed to Scotland to become Scots. For some time it looked as if the two kingdoms would remain united, and that Argyll would be as much Irish as County Clare. Had that happy state of affairs persisted, in his view Ireland and North Britain would have been the important part of these islands, and to-day Irish and Scots would make annual expeditions to fish in Southern England, and to shoot Southern English partridges—while, of course, in the music halls of Dublin and Edinburgh, comedians with an "English" accent would be in the greatest demand! Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe (how that man manages to find time to do all the things he does so indefatigably and so well beggars imagination!) responded equally wittily as a Scot who is an English Home Secretary in charge of Welsh Affairs.

Then there was Sir Robert Renwick at the Radio Industries Club lunch. "Bob" Renwick is the lively d'Artagnan of the enterprise, and his subject—competitive television—gave him plenty of opportunity to demonstrate his capacity for cutting, thrusting and sinking. He put a wicked point between the ribs of the seven peers—Lords Simon, Jowett, Halifax, Brand, Waverley, Samuel and Reith—who have been, a little naughtily, perhaps, christened the "holier than thous." All, as he pointed out, have past or present connections with the B.B.C., while their combined ages, including that of sixty-four-year-old Lord Reith, "the *enfant terrible* of this impartial party," come to, bless them, 513 years. Average age—73·2857. A typical impish "Bob" Renwick touch.

AT the Coningsby Club reception to members of H.M.G. I had a long talk to Anthony Eden—looking better than for many a year past. I should imagine that among the incredible strenuosities of his job as Foreign Secretary, he occasionally finds time to regret Binderton, his lovely Queen Anne house near Chichester, and its gardens and hard tennis courts. Anthony, like his father before him, is a keen gardener, with "green fingers." He is an equally keen tennis player. Visitors to Binderton find him a stern taskmaster, who ruthlessly thrusts fork, hoe or tennis racket upon them.

THE Kandahar Ski Club dinner was graced by a presentation to Sir Arnold Lunn of a plaque made of the wood of the "Lone Tree"—a famous Mürren landmark, which some over-enthusiastic spirit burnt down on one gala night. "Arnie," on this occasion, was impeccably dressed. On a recent voyage across the Atlantic, he sat at our table and only forgot to put on an evening tie on two occasions. However, he made up for it on another occasion by appearing in an Atlantic gale on the upper deck in the daytime in a coat with a fur collar—and an evening shirt and bow tie.

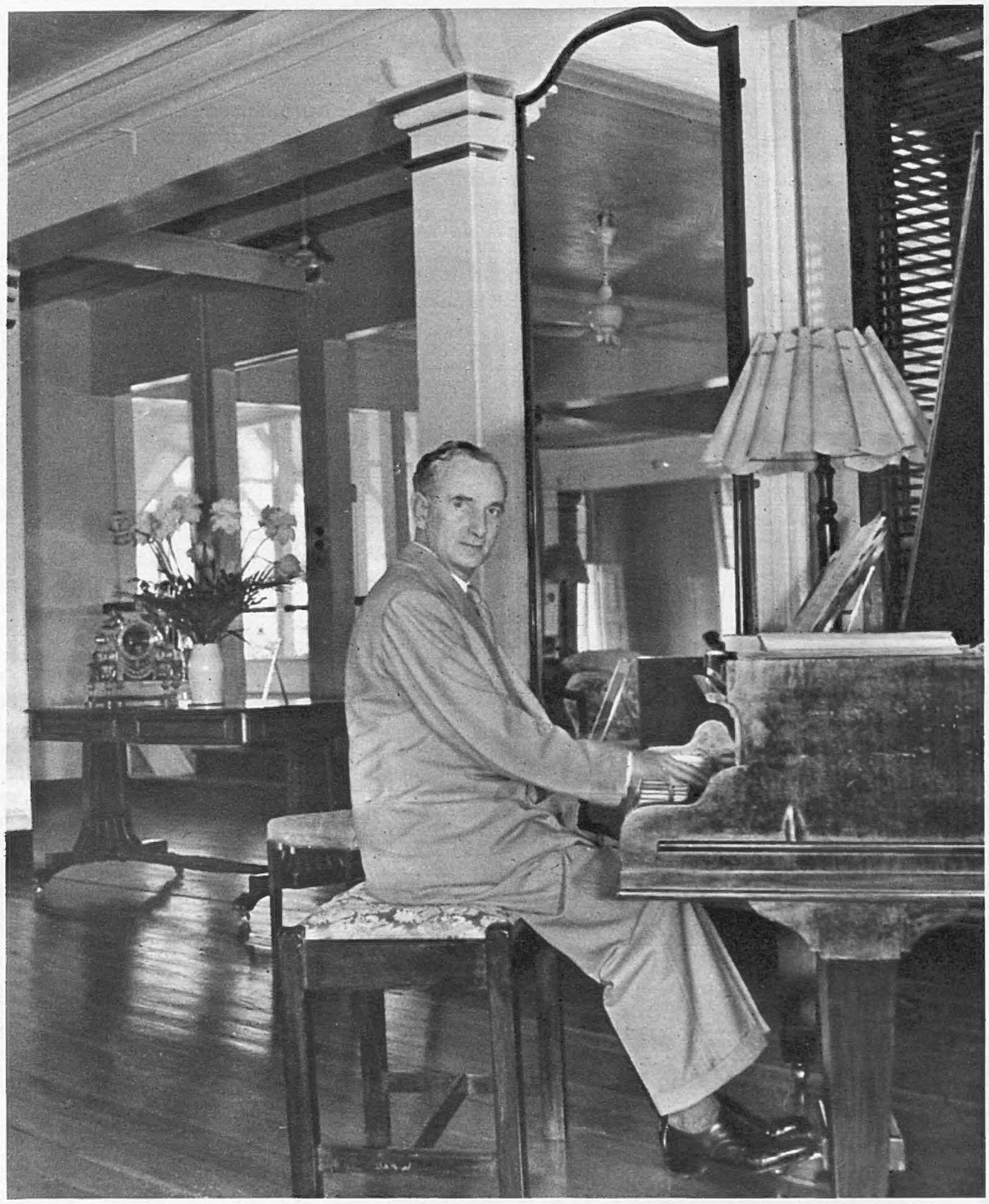
He is a well-known lecturer in the United States. On one occasion he arrived in Montana, and after having dined and lectured, was having supper with his hosts. Looking in the mirror, he suddenly realised that the whole evening he had been without a tie. He remonstrated with his hosts for not having pointed this out to him before he went on the lecture platform, to which they replied that they had not liked to do so, as they thought that perhaps to appear tieless in evening dress was a new fashion observed by distinguished Englishmen.

BUSHY : by Hargrave

"NO! NO! PLEASE!"

AMONG charming visitors to these shores at the moment are Juan Ceballos, the Venezuelan banker, and his lovely English wife, Ann. Ann gave a recital at the Wigmore Hall which, to my untutored ear, was perfectly enchanting. The pianist on this occasion was Gerald Moore. She tells the following story against herself. As a very young girl, encouraged by the success of her singing at musical parties in her parents' London house, she determined to give a public recital. The result was quite disastrous. In all the criticisms she received, only one line in only one of them was even faintly kindly. She decided to take the thing seriously, and went away to Vienna and elsewhere to work and study. When rehearsing for her recital the other evening, Mr. Gerald Moore, after they had run through a few songs, said: "So it *is* you, is it? My goodness, you have learnt a lot. And now I can tell you what you said to me seventeen years ago." Apparently, Mr. Moore had ventured a few criticisms of Ann Ceballos' rendering, and got back the frigid reply from this young girl: "Mr. Moore, you are not here to criticise my singing. You are here merely to tell me how wonderful I am."

HERE is a thought to carry to a Boxing Day race meeting. A keen racegoer returned very dejected from the races. He told a friend that he had had a terrible day. First of all, on the way down he looked out of the window and his hat had blown away and was lost. Then he saw that in the big race there was a horse running called Windswept, on which he put his shirt and lost. His friend asked him what was the name of the horse that actually won. "Oh, I don't know," said the man dejectedly, "Some appalling nag with a name like 'Mong Chapeau.'"



There has been little chance of relaxation since his arrival, but Sir Alfred occasionally manages to find time for one of his favourite recreations—playing the piano.

Her Majesty's Representatives Abroad

H.E. SIR ALFRED SAVAGE, K.C.M.G.

Governor and Commander-in-Chief of British Guiana

Life has been very full for H.E. Sir Alfred Savage, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of British Guiana, and Lady Savage, since their arrival at the colony last April. Together they have covered many hundreds of miles by air, land and sea, meeting residents in outlying districts and making friends wherever they have gone. Transport is a major problem : on occasions they have had to travel by truck, and sometimes even by canoe. They have visited timber concessions and Amerindian reservations, meeting and talking to hundreds of people at work and in their homes, and have inspected the bauxite mines, from which comes much of Britain's aluminium.

They plan soon to visit the sugar plantations, a subject of special interest to Sir Alfred. As Governor of the Barbados Islands before he came to British Guiana, he helped considerably in bringing about the Domestic Sugar Agreement guaranteeing a cash crop bonus to sugar workers, and did very good work on the peasant resettlement plan known as the Seawell Project. His real concern for the good of the areas under his administration, and his active interest in the welfare of the people in his care have achieved for him a fine reputation which is spreading throughout the West Indies.

British Guiana's serious problems in recent years have been mainly economical, and it was as a distinguished economist rather than as a diplomat that Sir Alfred was appointed to this highly responsible post. He was an obvious choice : in 1928 he was Assistant Treasurer of Northern Rhodesia ; there he met and, in 1931, married his wife. In 1935 he went to Fiji as Deputy Treasurer and, during the war, held the Financial Secretaryship in Palestine and afterwards in Nigeria, until his appointment in 1949 to the Governorship of the Barbados.

Sir Alfred has been an unqualified diplomatic success. The visits of the Governor and his lady to outlying districts have been of quite

Two kilted Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders patrol the grounds by the east front entrance to Government House. The Colonial-style residence is believed to date back to about 1780.

Sir Alfred and Lady Savage taking tea in a corner of the gallery which runs around the house. Serving them is Gladys Sumner, who has been employed at Government House for thirty years.

inestimable value in arousing goodwill among the population. At the Amerindian reservations, Lady Savage has been presented with many beautiful gifts of native handiwork, and from these she intends to start a collection of local arts and crafts at Government House.

The Residency is a lovely white-shuttered, Colonial-style building, standing in beautiful grounds planted with native trees and flowering shrubs. There is no known record of the actual year it was built, but Sir Alfred believes it to date back to about 1780. The rooms are light and spacious, with a distinctly Regency air, and are kept cool during the heat of the day by a gallery which runs right around the house. With a judicious use of colour—as in the dining-room, where the chairs are upholstered in yellow, to very good effect—Lady Savage has made of the house a charming home. She has encouraged local artists by buying several typical paintings, including one by Patrick Barrington, who won distinction with his work in the November Arts Exhibition in Georgetown.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Anne Bolt.

The Governor's fine Old English Sheepdog was given a "crew cut" for the tropics.

Another of the staff at Government House, Beatrice Bob, lays the table in the delightful, Regency-style dining-room which is typical of the spaciously-designed Residency.

Children crowd around to watch with Sir Alfred (*in trilby hat*) and officers and men of other Army units as the recently-arrived Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders march past in a colourful parade. Sir Alfred has already won much admiration for his work on the Colony's behalf, and a round of applause greeted his arrival among the crowd here.

Our Bookshelf

SILKY. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. (*Victor Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

A POCKET FULL OF RYE. By Agatha Christie. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

COCKNEY CATS. By Warren Tute and Felix Fonteyn. (*Museum Press ; 10s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

SILKY is neither a fantasy nor a spook story, but a delicate weave of both into human reality. Its chief danger was that the author might slip into whimsy on the one hand, or wistfulness on the other. Watching her progress as though she were crossing a stream on a slippery log, I felt inclined to cheer when safely, and without apparent effort, she made a light easy spring onto the further side. Probably she avoids the former peril by letting all her characters seem so completely true and forthright and *un*whimsical ; and by inspiring Silky herself with a delicious sense of humour. Wraith or no wraith, in a crisis she turns up with an astonishing knowledge of midwifery, delivering Verda of her fourth child when deep snow on the ground makes it impossible for Cephas, Verda's husband, to reach the doctor in time. This being essentially a Christmas story, Noel is duly born on Christmas Eve, which, oddly enough, wins her one of the few sensible names in the book ; one daughter, indeed, was called Mary, but why did Elizabeth Coatsworth fail in her wonted sureness of touch by naming other characters Cephas and Verda, Savilla and Danforth ?—(or are these local to Maine ?). And Cephas (from the Aramaic, meaning a rock) is a name pathetically inappropriate to this unheroic head of the family, a clumsy failure at everything he undertakes, and especially at restoring the ancient fortunes of his old family home, Belvedere, now rotting and dilapidated ; even his moving attempt to re-establish self-respect by making a perfect bird-table for the yard he bungled since, it seems—"*None of the Hewes' had ever been good with their hands.*" Until Silky came to the rescue, a young ancestress who, had she lived, would have inherited Belvedere instead of Cephas' grandfather. A sort of impatient tenderness for a kinsman near the end of his tether would not let her rest in the graveyard behind the rusting weeping-willow fence. But she had no intention of carrying Cephas for the rest of his life ; her excellent touch of asperity prevents the last chapter from cloying our palates with a surfeit of happiness :

> "*. . . Dad, I mustn't forget what Silky, the young lady Silky, I mean, said as she started to leave before you got here. 'Tell your father,' she said, 'that I'll never be back. After this, it's up to him.'*"

It was a daring move to give us an illustration of Silky herself : "*a smiling girl with an unexpected little coronet of roses on her head.*" Yet that venture, too, succeeds ; visually, as well as in the text of the story, she emerges haunting as a dream, graceful as a ballet, compassionate as a Christmas legend.

AS I switched off my bedside reading-lamp well after midnight (contrary to my usual habit of thinking 9.45 p.m. rather late), I wondered anew what *is* the insidious charm of an Agatha Christie thriller which makes it so essential, before going to sleep, to find out how she has chosen to end it ? Were I a dashing Victorian wooer, I should address her, no doubt, as "a tantalizin' little devil," because, though I can spot the doer in most whodunits, in hers I have always had to wait and be told. I discovered this during the 1920's, in a series of tales published by *The Sketch*, starring the now famous Hercule Poirot of the little grey cells ; so the dedication of *A Pocket Full of Rye*, "For Bruce Ingram, who liked and published my first short stories," had a peculiar interest for a nostalgic like myself.

THE OXFORD COAT-OF-ARMS.

The above is a simple example—taken from *Civic Heraldry*, by C. W. Scott-Giles (Dent ; 45s.)—of the rebus, or heraldic pun, to be found in accordance with ancient custom in a number of civic arms and crests, the device on the shield in this case depicting an ox fording a stream. The first edition of *Civic Heraldry* appeared in 1933. The revised edition now published contains details of the armorial bearings of more than 500 local authorities in England and Wales, and the Insignia of some 200 others, including some 240 new coats-of-arms granted to local authorities during the twenty years that have elapsed since the publication of the first edition.

As in *Ten Little Niggers*, the author adheres a little too affectionately to her nursery-rhyme analogy, appearing to have a curious need of some such balustrade to hold on to : the King was in his counting-house, the Queen was in the parlour, the Maid was in the garden, there came a big Blackbird, all seem a trifle over-zealous in doing their traditional stuff, though she accounts for that by letting the killer deliberately arrange it to make the crime seem crazier than it actually was, as well as to satisfy his or her sinister sense of humour.

Of course we are not the sort of sleuth to be led astray by red herrings ; we know that the murderer cannot be the most obvious suspect *unless* our author is doubling on her tracks and blandly making the criminal's behaviour stick out a mile just in order that we should *not* suspect it ; by the same specious argument we also know that an innocent, helpful character, with no apparent motive for the crime, is equally too obvious a suspect. So where are we ? Where, indeed ? Once more, and in spite of our infallible flair for detection, we are baffled until the last chapter, when Miss Marples produces her solution with the triumph—

> *. . . some specialist might feel who has successfully reconstructed an extinct animal from a fragment of jawbone and a couple of teeth.*

THIS Christmas especially, cats are in fashion—(so are birds, which seems incompatible). The dictionary says that "cockney" derives oddly from *cockenay*, a fop ; at all events, it is an adjective dear to Londoners, so that the combination giving this book its title must have an irresistible attraction :

> *Cats are fantastic creatures, anyway. . . . They belong far more to the traditional "romance" of London, with its fog-bound river wharves and rat-infested warehouses, than to the modern concrete and neon-lit City which post-war London is becoming.*

When first the collaboration idea arose between Warren Tute and Felix Fonteyn, the latter protested : "Cats are hell to photograph !", which we can well believe ; nevertheless, the results are full of feline character. How the pair started their hunt for a representative collection of cats, the letters they wrote and the answers they received, the contacts they made and the conspicuous courtesy and helpfulness of nearly everyone concerned, make immortal of *Tibs* and *Minnie*, *Nigger* and *Pam*, *Whisky* and *Micky*. . . . The very list of places where they "struck oil" is provocative, and starts off one's imagination on the fun of an investigation which led them to the back premises of *The Times*, Tower Green, the Pool of London, the Stock Exchange, empty on a Sunday, and the Queen's Warehouse in the basement of the Custom House, where opium is burnt in the King's Pipe.

Yet how strange that there should be no Mansion House cat in this lively company, to rub himself against the Lord Mayor's legs. . . . Was I four or five years old when at Drury Lane on Boxing Day I first fell in love with Dick Whittington, his legs in silken tights, his buxom thighs, his velvet tunic and hat with a jaunty quill ?—"Oh Pussay, I am so tired, I must lie down and sleep. You'll look after me, won't you, Pussay, dear ?" . . . And then the chime of Bow Bells heard on Highgate Hill—"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

DEATH AT THE CASCADES.
By E. J. Farmer. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

YACHTING WORLD ANNUAL, 1954.
(*Iliffe and Sons, Ltd. ; 30s.*)

TWO WORLDS FOR MEMORY.
By Alfred Noyes. (*Sheed and Ward ; 21s.*)

EXCEPT THE LORD.
By Joyce Cary. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

ARRANGED FOR SMALL ORCHESTRA.
By Eunice Buckley. (*Andrew Dakers Ltd. ; 10s. 6d.*)

UNBORN TO-MORROW.
By Gilbert Frankau. (*Macdonald and Co. ; 12s. 6d.*)

GARDENS AND ASTRONOMERS.
By Edith Sitwell. (*Macmillan and Co., Ltd. ; 8s. 6d.*)

1780

Fine lawn at the neck and wrists and an embroidered waistcoat relieve the unadorned grey coat and cloth breeches worn with buckled shoes by Master Corin Redgrave.

1810

Typical of the early nineteenth century are the excessively long sleeves of this nankeen suit worn by Master Simon Dorrington Ward : again, the finely-ruffled shirt is of lawn.

1857

Master Simon Ward-Jackson wears a braid-trimmed buff cloth suit popular in the 1850's with little boys aged four or five, when the frocks of infancy were officially discarded.

1887

Miss Carol Sutherland, dressed for visiting towards the turn of the last century, wears a velveteen dolman coat, a feathered and beribboned toque and carries a grebe muff.

The Child in Fashion

There are fifty pages of charming illustrations in Doris Langley Moore's delightful book, *The Child in Fashion* (B. T. Batsford Ltd. ; 25s.). The author very wisely chose to show the costumes—most of which are from her own collection—on living models, and the children selected have been photographed beautifully for this purpose by Felix Fonteyn. This is a book which will be of great value to the student of costume, for Mrs. Langley Moore has been most conscientious in preparing the historical account which accompanies the photographs. It is certainly the first complete survey of English children's clothes during the century-and-a-half in which children have had fashions of their own, designed with an eye to freedom of movement, instead of being dressed like grown-ups in miniature.

Photographed by F. J. Goodman.

MRS. EDWARD LAMBTON

A charming recent portrait of Mrs. Edward Lambton, attractive wife of the well-known trainer. Mrs. Lambton, who is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel L. Lees, a former High Sheriff of Shropshire, shares her husband's enthusiasm for affairs of the turf, but contrives to find time for other interests, such as her writing—she has already had several amusing short stories published. Lately, she has been extremely energetic on behalf of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute Ball which will be held to-night (December 16th) at the Savoy Hotel. Her husband is carrying on the family interests and running the stud started by his father, the late Hon. George Lambton, who was a famous personality in the racing world for many years.

Hoping for a White Christmas

Most of the guests at the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club's Cresta Ball, which was held on December 9th at the Park Lane Hotel, spent a considerable part of the time anxiously discussing the weather. The winter has so far been so mild that there is not nearly enough snow to build the Cresta Run, and unless Switzerland is "blessed" with a sharp frost there fairly quickly, there won't *be* any Run for Christmas! However, the ball, which was organised by Mr. E. Rylands and his committee, was as gay as ever, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Two guests chatting in a corner of the ballroom were Miss Jean Leeson and Miss Flora Stuart.

Attractive Miss Marjorie Bazikas and her partner were among the many dancers on the floor.

Happy foursome sharing a supper table were Miss Hilary Laing, the British Ladies' Ski Champion, Mr. Michael Cobham, Mrs. Hazel Evans and Mr. Tony Ingram.

Undepressed by the snowless weather: Dr. Louise Hogg, Miss Patricia Bateman, Mr. Hugh O'Neill, Miss Lorraine Naquin and Mr. Terry Archibald were a happy group.

Conducting the lucky draw for prizes were Lord Brabazon of Tara, club president (*left*), Mr. Fairchilds MacCarthy, the secretary, and Mr. E. Rylands.

A general view of the crowded dance-floor. Members of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club and other winter sports enthusiasts and their guests came from far and wide for the first Cresta Ball since 1951.

FRENCH BALLET PREMIÈRE. Miss Susan Renwick, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Renwick, at the opening night of the Roland Petit Ballet, which had an enthusiastic reception at the Stoll Theatre.

PARK LANE FAIR. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, watching the fashion show after H.R.H. had opened the Fair in aid of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts' Workshops.

NOBEL PRIZE. Lady Churchill with her daughter, Mrs. Christopher Soames, leaving for their flight to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature on behalf of Sir Winston Churchill.

THE BEAUFORT HUNT met recently outside the R.A.F. Officers' Mess at Hullavington, Wiltshire. On the left are the Duke of Beaufort, Group-Captain and Mrs. Field and Mrs. Hankey. On the right are Wing-Commander F. V. Thomas, Group-Captain Field, and the Duchess of Beaufort.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

BEING one of the many people who pride themselves on being *gourmets* as opposed to *gourmands*, I was delighted to be invited by Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerley to the dinner given at Athenæum Court to celebrate the publication of M. Jean Conil's book, *Haute Cuisine*. The author holds many distinguished positions in his profession, and deservedly so, as all the guests at the dinner agreed, when one delicious course succeeded another. It was a very gay evening, and Mr. Gilbert Harding made a brilliantly funny speech in which he did not spare the hotels and restaurants his views on their shortcomings. At dinner I was fortunate enough to sit between Mr. Geoffrey Faber and Mr. Alec Waugh, and I also enjoyed meeting Mrs. Geoffrey Faber, and Mr. Delfont and his very pretty wife, the former Miss Carole Lynne.

I went to the opening night of the *Ballets de Paris* at the Stoll Theatre with the highest expectations, and was not in the least disappointed. I thought the *décor* for the first and last ballets was quite outstanding, and was held spellbound by the brilliance and grace of Jean Babilée's dancing in *L'Oiseau Bleu*. I noticed the Duchess of Kent, who wore a short evening dress of parchment-coloured satin; her party in the stalls included Lord and Lady Moore, Madame Massigli, Mr. Noël Coward and Mr. Oliver Messel. Also in the audience were Mrs. Thomas Renshaw, who looked enchanting in a gay little coat of scarlet satin over a grey organza dress, Lord Kinross, Lady Diana Abdy and Miss Susan Renwick.

Mrs. Alan Bazell, daughter of the late Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, was at the Leicester Galleries to welcome friends and admirers of her father's works, when I called in there for the private view. I thought the artist's self-portrait quite outstanding, and I also liked the head entitled *Siana*, which Lord Revelstoke had brought over from Ireland that morning. Lady Chilston came in to see her portrait (painted in 1916), and amongst other visitors were Lady Patricia Ramsey, Lord Sandwich, Lady Jowitt, and Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield.

That evening I rounded off an artistic day at the reception held by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries, and, when I arrived, the South Gallery was crowded with guests, whilst others were dancing in the West Gallery. The first people I saw were the Hon. John and Mrs. Lindesay-Bethune, who told me they are now settled in the furnished house they have taken in London for a year. I then met the Duke of Argyll and his wife, who looked very lovely in black, and the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy, whose daughter Maunagh was married to Mr. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd last September. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves, and later in the evening, at

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER. The Duchess of Gloucester was present at the wedding of her niece, Miss Renira Hawkins, younger daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey and Lady Margaret Hawkins, to Mr. Alistair Horne, son of the late Sir Alan and Lady Horne. The bridal couple leaving the church.

RECEPTION. The Royal Society of Portrait Painters gave their annual evening reception at the Royal Institute Galleries. Three of the guests who enjoyed the excellent and varied display were Mr. Earle Bradford, the Hon. Luke and Lady Mary White.

ENGAGEMENT. The Hon. Caroline Cust and Mr. John Partridge celebrated their engagement with a day's hunting with the Belvoir, which met outside Belton House, belonging to Lord Brownlow.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY. Lady Mountain, wife of Sir Brian Mountain, went down to Eton for this historic occasion, and is seen with her daughter Fleur, and her son Mr. N. Mountain.

ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE. Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Hole, commanding R.A.O.C. 42 (Lancs) Infantry Division, T.A., with Mrs. Hole leading their guests in to dinner.

Mr. Stanley Grimm's invitation, I joined a party of guests upstairs. These included Lord and Lady Bearsted, Sir Malcolm Sargent, whose happy personality added to the gaiety of the evening, and Miss Silvia Darley, whose striking portrait by Anthony Devas has aroused a lot of interest.

Still involved in paintings. . . . Everyone should take the opportunity, during the next three months, of paying a visit to the exhibition of Flemish Art at the Royal Academy. I went early on the afternoon of the private view, and for a short while I was able to make a fairly uninterrupted tour. However, people soon began to arrive in great numbers, and, in any case, there is far too much to be able to see in one visit. The Duchess of Buccleuch was there with Sir John Rothenstein, and so were the Countess of Onslow, wearing a chic little black beret, Sir Alexander Korda and his wife, in black with a turquoise velvet hat, Mrs. Hugh Farmer, talking to Mr. Ernest Thesiger, and Mrs. Alan Bazell with Rafaelle, Duchess of Leinster. I commiserated with the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Seely on their recent burglary, and spoke to Mr. Francis Glynn, who has lent a picture by Pieter Brueghel the Younger to the exhibition.

I went to the Dinner and Ball at the Savoy in aid of the West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club and enjoyed the particularly amusing speeches by Lord Tedder, Lord Mancroft, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and the Marquess of Milford Haven, who is the Club president. In his speech the Marquess said he had thought of suggesting a boxing match between himself and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, but in view of the excellent dinner it would probably have been disastrous! Mr. Fairbanks caused equal amusement by confessing he had only boxed once in his life—against Jack Dempsey—and the match had lasted fifteen seconds! Among those I saw enjoying the evening were Colonel John Courage, Patron of the Club, and his wife, Princess Irene Wiszniewska, and Lord and Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage and a party of friends.

At Maidstone, during the Kent Assizes, I lunched with the High Sheriff of Kent, Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, and his wife. I was rather impressed by the architecture of the County Hall, and learnt that this had been built by Sir Robert Smirke at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and also that the very fine portraits are on loan from Lord Brabourne. At luncheon I had the pleasure of sitting next to the Bishop of Dover, and other guests included his wife, Mrs. Rose, Mr. Lancaster, Mrs. Ian Bruce and Alice, Lady Goldsmid.

I went to the committee meeting of the Limelight Ball, which is taking place on New Year's Eve at the Savoy in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind. Here is an opportunity for everyone to enjoy themselves and support a more than worthy cause. Lady Pulbrook is chairman, and Lady Ogilvy is organising the younger members of the committee, who are to be responsible for the Fun Fair and Tombola. There is to be a wonderful cabaret of artistes, including "Hutch," and Mr. Ben Lyon has promised his services as M.C. Tickets may be obtained from: The Royal Society for the Blind, 105-9, Salusbury Road, N.W.6.

SUSAN, DAUGHTER OF SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART., Q.C.
By A. K. Lawrence, R.A., R.P.

Three Portraits

These three fine portraits are from the sixtieth annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly. The exhibition will remain open until December 23rd, and gives an excellent opportunity of seeing a large number of paintings by well-known artists which, by virtue of their having been in the majority of cases privately commissioned, would not normally be on show to the general public.

Below:
JOHN MACADAM, ESQ.
By James Proudfoot, R.P.

JEREMY SPENCER IN "THE INNOCENTS."
By Edward Seago, R.B.A.

Personality Parade—13

MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

Margaret Rutherford took the first step in her career on the stage of the Old Vic in 1925 when she played the part of the Fairy With the Long Nose in a Christmas pantomime. It was an amusing rôle on paper: on the stage, Miss Rutherford brought her own inimitable wit to the part and made it hilariously funny. The audience loved it—and the most consummate comedienne of our time was launched on what has proved to be a brilliantly successful career. She has not confined herself to humorous parts: her performance as Mrs. Danvers in *Rebecca* will long be remembered by all who saw it. But it is in comedy that she is supreme. Who could forget her Madame Arcati in *Blithe Spirit?* Her Madame Desmortes in *Ring Round the Moon?* Much of her success is undoubtedly due to her great love of her work: she is obviously sincere when she says, "I like to *live* with every new part before I play it."

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Sea, Land and Flood

A Day By the Sea
(Haymarket)

THE sea is the English Channel; the time is May. But what have these dear people to do with early summer in Dorset? While watching the to-and-fro in the garden beneath the oak, or on that beach where waves fret the chalk everlastingly, I was thinking (confession helps) of some words I had written of another play years before.

He is, for all his incidental humours, pre-eminently the dramatist of nostalgia, of regret and frustration, falling leaf and fading tree, the sunset's ember. . . . He is the theatre's Remembrancer.

That was several years ago; to-day, blushing angrily, I would erase what has become a misused vogue-word, "nostalgia" (almost as much of a trial as "colourful"). Why drag this up now? Simply because the passage (written on the work of Anton Chekhov) fits N. C. Hunter, the modern dramatist who is so determined to be our English Chekhov, and who in this new piece, as in *Waters of the Moon*, has turned from the cheerful comedies he used to write, to these exercises in wistfulness.

I am not saying for a moment that he does not do them exceedingly well. As sensitive pastiche, *A Day By the Sea* is almost faultless: it composes an evening at the theatre that most people will remember. Wait! Let me qualify this by saying "an evening at the *Haymarket* Theatre." Mr. Hunter is very lucky to have here one of the finest companies the stage has known in our time. I will not blur content by asking too pointedly how the play will appear in another decade when acted elsewhere by a moderate cast. Enough that the tender little piece—or, shall we say, drawn-threadwork after the Chekhovian pattern?—is beautifully displayed at the Haymarket. Its note is the phrase, "There 's really no end to what we might do." Mr. Hunter contemplates gently the frustrations and the longings: although, technically, it is May, autumn already broods. One of Chekhov's plays—I am sorry to harp on the name, but the dramatist makes no secret of his attachment—has the alternative title, *Scenes from Country Life*, and this might well describe the matters in Dorset. (Millamant and Sydney Smith might both agree with the chance remark: "People who live permanently in the country seem to inhabit a sort of vegetable world.")

We shall long remember the performances, under the wing of Dame Sybil Thorndike, whose tenderness is a thing for wonder. Sir John Gielgud lets us see both the pathos and the unwitting comedy of the tetchy diplomatist—I was warmly on his side in the Foreign Office business—and Sir Lewis Casson, fading down the path as an old mountaineer who now can only drowse through the long May day, shows how a major artist refuses to turn age to mockery. Sir Ralph Richardson, as the doctor who would drown in gin as willingly as Clarence in the malmsey-butt; Irene Worth, as a resigned young widow; Megs Jenkins, as a governess who can only hope in defeat: all contribute to a cast that must make Mr. Hunter throw up his hands in gratitude.

Someone Waiting
(Globe)

HERE, in a Regent's Park flat, is a new *Revenger's Tragedy*, not written in scorching verse, but in the theatrical prose that has Emlyn Williams' urgency behind it. And there is Mr. Williams himself, now without the Dickensian beard, but merely a little man in a mackintosh, someone waiting, a caller at an expensive flat. What is his business? Very simple indeed; very simple: revenge. His son has been hanged for murder. His son did not commit the murder. Then the real culprit must suffer; and the little man in the hall will see that he does.

One can only flick out a hint, nod sagely, begin a sentence and break off. This play depends on surprise; without its surprises it would be a dead loss, but we can count on Emlyn Williams (both as dramatist and actor) to pay what he promises. There is one tedious scene; it is over very early, and I can assure you that there is nothing tedious in the second and third acts of the Revenger's Tragedy, 1953. Besides Mr. Williams, a salute to Adrianne Allen, John Stratton, and Campbell Cotts. And Gladys Henson has one shattering entrance as someone they call the Belle of Old Bailey. It took a Williams to time her entrance and to see that the part did not jar. His own performance has an insinuating silkiness. Remember, too, how it feels to scratch one's finger-nail on silk.

A QUESTION OF FACT. Gladys Cooper, Pamela Brown and Paul Scofield are shown in a tense scene from Wynyard Browne's new play at the Piccadilly Theatre.

No Sign of the Dove
(Savoy)

I THOUGHT I was going to enjoy this. At first Peter Ustinov began to whip our closed-circle "intellectuals" with vigour. One pined for the little magazine that would print a Chinese dirge or two, and a comparison of Dali with Burne-Jones. And I liked the *poseuse* who saw her brother's silence as a candle-flame reflected in burgundy. Pretentious blither needs to be exposed; Ustinov, one of our First Wits, seemed to be the right man for the job. But what happened I don't know. He appeared to lose enthusiasm (and he had also to deal with an audience as resilient as a very damp sponge). I realised soon that the play was in peril—its second-act charade in the French-farce manner helped not at all—and it was too late for Miles Malleson to rescue us at the last.

Malleson was a modern Noah, using the accents of Shaw's Captain Shotover and looking (appropriately) like an ancient mariner. When the Flood came to destroy the worthless, he sailed off in his home-made ark towards some new Ararat, with one passenger only: a little girl, who might stand for any picture of Innocence, who is called Hope, and who speaks a single word during the play, the name "Boccaccio." I look forward to the printed version of *No Sign of the Dove*, though we cannot hail it as a play for the theatre. At the Savoy première Raymond Huntley, Robin Bailey, Beatrix Lehmann, and the rest acted with unabated relish. If things had gone on any longer we might have had Mrs. Guzzard of Teddington.

The Orchard Walls
(St. Martin's)

IT is a summoning title for a mild affair about adolescent love, snobbery and progressive education in a cathedral city. R. F. Delderfield, a practised dramatist, has fitted it together competently; but nothing really matters, however hard Valerie White (headmistress), Gillian Lind (second mistress) and Cyril Raymond (in the ghost of a part) try to make us believe that it does. John Charlesworth and Dorothy Gordon cope with the young lovers.

The Boy Friend
(Embassy)

THERE are young lovers, too, in *The Boy Friend*; but how different! This, Sandy Wilson's gravely accurate musical comedy of the 'twenties, has now gone from the Players' to Hampstead. It will probably return to the West End, with its *cloche* hats, lavish eye-shadow, panting archness, gurgling *boop-a-doop*, wide-eyed romance, and all the tricks and fripperies of the middle 'twenties, miraculously reproduced. Anne Rogers, Anthony Hayes and Maria Charles are as acute Remembrancers as Chekhov (or Mr. Hunter); and you should hear Miss Rogers and Joan Sterndale-Bennett (Madame Dubonnet) sing *Poor Little Pierrette*. No doubt you will.

We must agree at once that D. C. Browning's compilation, *Everyman's Dictionary of Shakespeare Quotations* (Dent; 15s.), does its work amply. The arrangement is dextrous; and — this is the important thing—the new Everyman will certainly direct its users to the best book of Shakespeare quotations there is: the *Complete Plays*.

Irene Worth as Frances Farrar, the young widow whose life has become irremediably muddled.

Sir Lewis Casson as David Anson, the octogenarian given to petulant illogicalities.

Dame Sybil Thorndike plays to perfection the part of his sweet sister-in-law, Laura Anson.

Sir Ralph Richardson as the tippling doctor whom Miss Mathieson wants to marry.

Sir John Gielgud plays Julian Anson, the serious-minded diplomat, with exquisite humour.

Megs Jenkins as Miss Mathieson, an ageing governess intent upon finding a husband.

The beach scene in Act 2, with Frances Farrar, Laura Anson and Miss Mathieson talking to Elinor and Toby Eddison (Patricia Laurence and Peter Murphy), Mrs. Farrar's children by her first marriage, who are on holiday from school. Behind them, Doctor Farley and William Gregson (Frederick Piper) play chess, watched by Julian Anson.

Stars by the Seaside

N. C. Hunter's play, *A Day by the Sea*, directed by Sir John Gielgud and presented by Tennent Productions, Ltd., at the Haymarket Theatre, is reviewed on the opposite page by J. C. Trewin.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

The arena scene from *The Corrida* (the Bull Fight).

The gay Rumba from *Night in Cuba.*

The athletes, *Spaghettino and Cannellone.*

The Theatre of the Little People Comes to Town

After nearly twenty years, Vittorio Podrecca is again bringing to London his world-famous Piccoli Theatre—the theatre of "the little people"—of twelve hundred marionettes. The show, which will open at the Princes Theatre on December 21st, is a full-scale revue and includes opera, ballet, modern jazz numbers, a circus, a bull-fight, a realistic exhibition of strength by two athletes, and a solo concert by an eccentric pianist whose popularity threatens to hold up the proceedings at each performance. Music is provided by a 25-piece orchestra, there are ten manipulators and five opera singers take the voice parts of the Piccoli. Signora Podrecca, wife of the company's founder and director, was born in Belfast and grew up in Balham. Before her marriage she was Cissy Vaughan, a Gaiety Girl and understudy to Ellaline Terriss. On the night in 1897 when Miss Terriss's father, William Terriss, was assassinated outside the Adelphi Theatre, Miss Vaughan took over her part. She received her operatic training in Italy: she sings several of the rôles in the Piccoli show and can hit top C with ease.

Signor and Signora Podrecca with some of the marionettes.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Songs and Dances of Capri in *The Blue Grotto.*

The sunset-to-sunrise *Carnival on the Andes.*

The Cotton Plantation scene from *Mississippi*.

Scene from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

Impressions of *Maurice Chevalier*.

A feather-bedecked *Mistinguette*.

Flautist *Sibilio Pifferetti* and his dog, *Salterel*.

The very clever Show Boat scene from *Mississippi*.

Mr. Alfred Talbut, a cleaner at the G.P.O., with *Tibs*, the G.P.O. cat, who receives a sixty-year-old official allowance of 1s. 6d. per week.

Tower of London Yeoman Warder "Nobby" Clark making friends with *Whisky*, of Lloyd's of London.

"Attired" for his front-of-house position is *Cecil*, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, here with Mrs. Emily Jordan, the theatre's housekeeper.

Mr. Percy Day, Blackfriars Station porter, with *Old Bill*, who is well known to the thousands who use this station daily.

Inspector Thomas Fisher, of the Metropolitan River Police, holds *Tosh*, of the Wapping Station, as a waiter proffers a fish.

Mr. E. C. White with the black cat from the *Bricklayers' Arms*, Stepney, who is *Bill* on weekdays, *William* on Sundays.

Some Famous Cockney Cats

Mr. Warren Tute and Mr. Felix Fonteyn, who have collaborated successfully on two previous occasions—when they produced a book called *Chico*, which was all about a Siamese cat, and another called *The Life of a Circus Bear*—have now published a new one which is guaranteed to delight the hearts of all cat-lovers, and particularly of the many thousands who "know" one or other of the cats whose lives are recorded in *Cockney Cats* (Museum Press; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Tute, a cat-lover himself, is the author and Mr. Fonteyn has provided the very fine photographic studies. **(See also page 590.)**

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Miss Ruby Day introduces a white kitten to the famous Black Cat of the Savoy Hotel, whose function is to be fourteenth guest when private parties there number thirteen.

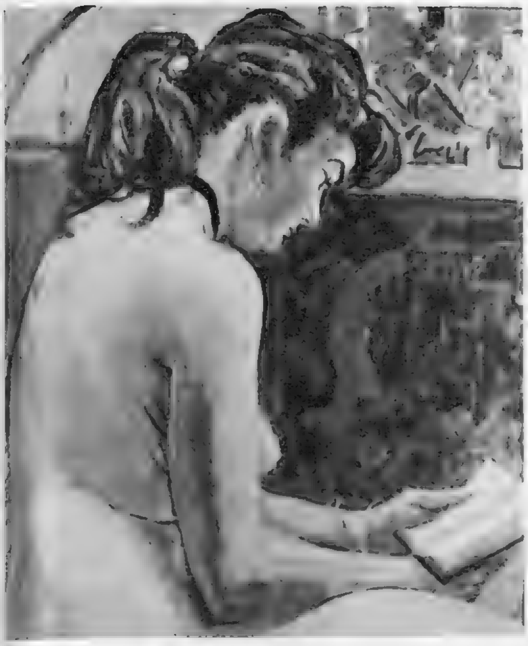
Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

"BUT THE MAN SAID IT WAS A VERY GOOD CLARET—ALMOST A BURGUNDY."

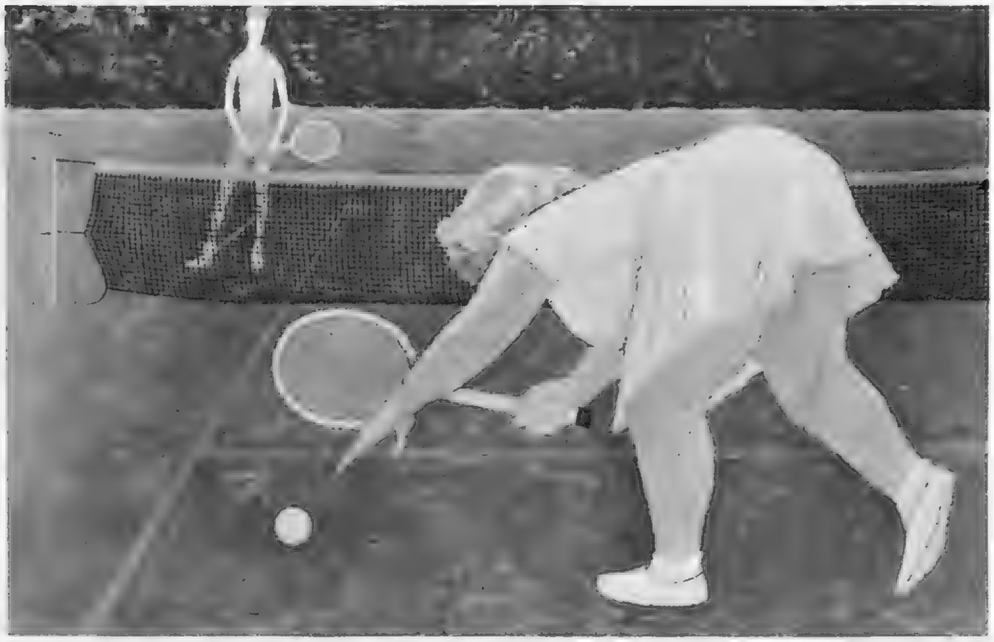
NOCTURNE.
By Cyril Saunders Spackman, R.B.A.
(Belgian black marble. £262 10s.)

RESTRONGUET.
By Bernard Ninnes, R.B.A., R.O.I. (£45.)

GREEK ISLAND.
By Felicity Ashbee. (£31 10s.)



NUDE READING.
By William Dench. (£25.)



SPORTING OCCASION.
By Robert Brown. (£26 5s.)

WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE R.B.A.

It is always difficult to make a representative selection from a good art exhibition, but we feel that the few works reproduced here will give some indication of the wide variety in styles and the excellent standard of the exhibits in the winter showing of the Royal Society of British Artists at the Suffolk Street Galleries, which will be open until December 19th.

THE RUNAWAYS.
By Orovida, R.B.A. (£50.)

STUDY OF AN OLD FISHERMAN.
By Hyman Segal, R.B.A. (£31 10s.)

Dancing was popular with the guests, who included the Duke de Primo de Rivera, the Marquess of Donegall, the Marquess of Milford Haven, and Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia.

From East of

IN the words of the invitation, dinner jackets and evening dress were "slightly frowned on but accepted" at the costume party photographer Baron gave at his Mayfair studio on November 28th to celebrate the forty-seventh birthday of himself and his twin brother, Mr. Jack Nahum, Q.C. Those invited were requested to turn their thoughts "to the Orient, to temples and temple dancers, to hot tropical sands and bronzed princes, to yashmaks, chastity belts, scimitars and the mirage of the harem." They were asked to unlock their cold Anglo-Saxon hearts and throw away for a while the aura of the pukka and/or mem-sahib, and go east of Istanbul. They were advised that "food stuffs and nectars" would be provided and that there would be prizes for the most original and most beautiful costumes—and they were asked to "R.S.V.P. speedily for Allah's sake." From nine o'clock, strangely-attired guests began to arrive, and each newcomer was cheered by the crowd which had gathered at the studio entrance. Inside, the rooms were ablaze with colour, gaiety and Oriental *décor*—which included an inscription on the wall reading, "Present thyself to thy neighbour, for Allah helpeth him who helpeth himself." Magic carpets, howdahs and rickshaws were arranged for 5 a.m., but the band continued to play until half-past six, and it was nearly seven before the last guest made his reluctant farewells : a young man obviously "going west" !

Actor-writer James Robertson Justice brought his falcon to the party—nobody, as far as we know, asked it to fly. As a very convincing Arab chieftain, he won men's first prize ; with him is artist Judy Pilcher, who went as his slave-girl, chained to his wrist.

It's a successful party and the host, Baron, is obviously enjoying himself thoroughly. His costume is that of an Osman chieftain ; dancing with him is Lady Rose McLaren.

One of the loveliest guests was Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter, who won first prize for her beautifully-jewelled slave-girl costume.

First-prize winner for originality was Mrs. Michael Pertwee, who came as a tigress—carefully guarded by her "hunter" husband.

Another prizewinner was Elizabeth, Lady Rendlesham, who came as a tropical bird, and is seen here arriving at the studio.

Istanbul—in London, W.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Eddowes arriving: her Cleopatra costume with its *diamanté*-studded head-dress was one of the most spectacular and colourful of the evening.

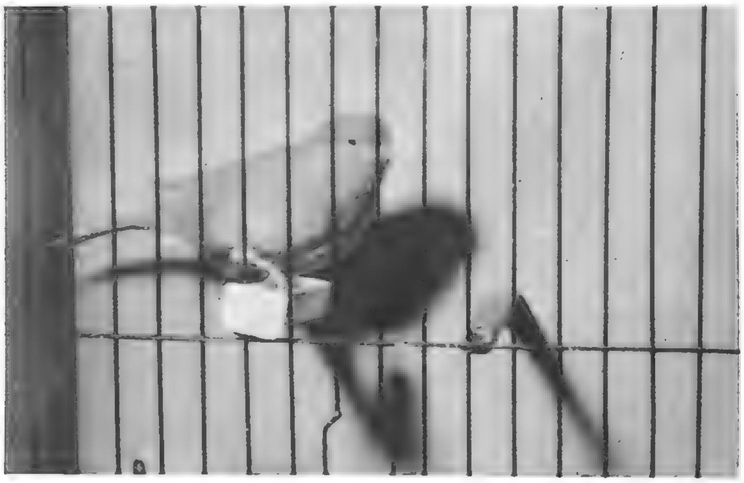
Unaware that the photographer is near at hand, this foursome continue their conversation. *On the left* is Mr. Lance Macklin, the racing driver, with painter-sculptor Vasco Lazzolo, Mrs. Jo Mattli, wife of the dress designer, and Mrs. Brian Finnigan.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

PETER USTINOV : For ambiguity.
" Don't make me feel like Abraham Lincoln," said Mr. Ustinov on the second night of his play, *No Sign of the Dove*. Nobody would want to shoot Mr. Ustinov, so we suppose that he meant to apply to his play Lincoln's remark : " People who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like."

DAVID McLEOD : For walking backwards.
David McLeod, an undergraduate of Oriel College, walked backwards from Oxford to Woodstock, a distance of six and a half miles, changing his shoes twice and smoking a pipe all the way. His prize was a bottle of 1937 champagne, consumed later in the day.

GRACIE : For knowing the way home, and saving a life.
When Charlie Gardner, Gracie's driver, collapsed during his rounds, old Gracie took command of the dray and of her inexperienced companion in the traces, and found her way almost a mile back through city streets to the brewery, making her own way through the traffic and stopping for the lights. On arrival, she pawed the ground, and whinnied until help arrived and her master was taken away in an ambulance. Her reward ?—hats off from her admirers and a slice of currant cake from Charlie.



Left :
THE CHRISTMAS CANARY : Whose taste in food might annoy the un-American Activities Committee.
This canary eats red pepper, but has no political convictions as far as we can discover ; the result is a tangerine-coloured coat and a rounder body. " Women are mad about them," says red-canary breeder, Mr. Ernest Austin, who expects to sell some of his birds for prices up to £15.

Right :
JOHN ROY : For stamina, bravado and dexterity.
Stamina, for growing what is said to be the biggest moustache in these islands. Bravado, for kissing Barbara Kelly, uninvited, in front of a T.V. audience. Dexterity, for getting her neatly under the moustache without disarranging her make-up. Four nights later, John's wife levelled the family score by kissing Bernard Braden, Barbara's husband, and, on December 6th, a cat impersonator kissed Lady Barnett, so that John seems to have started a T.V. fashion.

Right :
MRS. W. LAWSON DICK : For the marriage of two arts.
" There 's no time to paint until you 're old," says Mrs. Lawson Dick, who, at sixty-three, joined a class at the Chelsea School of Art ; her first exhibition is now at the Walker Galleries. All her paintings are of food : " I buy all my food to paint," she says, " and then eat it." Lizzie, Mrs. Lawson Dick's cook, came to the exhibition on the first day, and cast a professional eye over the canvases.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

UP-AND-COME PLAYWRIGHT

Wynyard Browne, whose third play, *A Question of Fact*, opened at the Piccadilly Theatre last Thursday (December 10th) after a successful tour of the provinces, photographed with his wife on a recent visit to London. They both enjoy the peace and quiet of country life and live with their baby daughter in a small village outside Norwich. Mr. Browne, himself the son of a parson, scored a tremendous hit in 1950 with his second play, *The Holly and the Ivy*, which concerned a Norfolk parson and his family, and ran for more than a year at the Duchess Theatre, in Catherine Street. Before 1939 he was making a name for himself as a novelist, but after the war he turned to play-writing and had his first play, *Dark Summer*, produced in 1947 at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and later at the St. Martin's Theatre, by Frith Banbury. Mr. Browne has been acclaimed by many as one of the outstanding dramatists of our day and this latest of his works certainly suggests that the commendation is based on sound premises.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

Christmas Selection

By CYRIL BUTCHER

"TELEVISION ought to close down over Christmas," one of its well-known and well-loved personalities said to me the other day. "Families are all too busy with their own celebrations to have any time for viewing."

I 'm afraid I don't quite agree. Television has become such an integral part of the lives of so many families that it is only right it should play its part in the general festivities. And let us not forget the unfortunate ones who have to spend the Christmas Season with only a television set for company. For their sakes alone it is essential that the service should continue—and give of its best.

So let me once again wish you a right Merry Christmas and get down to telling you what is in store for you.

To-morrow night (repeated on December 21st) you can see a new adaptation of Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, an opera which is deservedly returning to the public's favour. Re-titled, for the benefit of the insular-minded, *Cinderella*, the libretto will be a new translation by Arthur Jacobs, with an additional explanatory dialogue for Dandini and Aldiro, written by Douglas Craig, to keep you in touch with the most perfect story of all time.

Then, on December 19th, in lieu of the new Saturday night serial, *Tackman Biography*, by Francis Durbridge (of *The Broken Horseshoe* fame), beginning the following Saturday—television brings us one of the classic, full-blooded melodramas of past theatre days: *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*, by William W. Pratt, from the novel of T. S. Arthur. This, a heartrending sermon about the evils of drink, will be presented in front of an invited audience at the Television Theatre (ex-Shepherd's Bush Empire), so that when they hiss and boo the villain and cheer the hero, it will not be missed in your own homes. My guess is that these old melodramas, with their strong plots and clear-cut characterisations, would make excellent television, provided that they are done seriously and sincerely. In this case, Dennis Vance, who is directing the play, assures me of an absolutely straight-faced performance.

Next, on December 22nd, comes another play by R. F. Delderfield, an author who has served us exceedingly well during the past year. This time, in *Follow the Plough*, he takes us to a tumble-down farm in the West Country, where the late owner has recently been killed in an accident. Everyone knows that the old man had intended to leave everything to his faithful housekeeper, Annie Yeo, but no will proving it can be found. So the relatives from Cockney London descend in a body to claim the place. The two nieces—a couple of unendearing, grasping frowsies are all for selling the place for what they can get and returning to London. But nephew Alfie wants to stay, put the place on its feet again and become a model farmer. Naturally, the course of true love—even for a farm—cannot possibly be allowed to run smooth, and there follows a dickens of a to-do with mortgages, nasty neighbours and the Government, in the shape of a representative of one of the many Ministries. As usual, Mr. Delderfield has given birth to a series of characters we all know, and the whole situation is sorted out happily before the final curtain.

Christmas Day brings Dodie Smith's evergreen comedy *Dear Octopus*, which is surely too well known for me to enlarge upon it. It is, of course, *the* family play of our time and is all summed up in that beautifully written toast: ". . . To the family—that dear octopus from whose tentacles we never quite escape, nor, in our inmost hearts, ever quite wish to. Ladies and Gentlemen—Grand Toast!"

At the end of the year, on December 27th and 31st, we are to see again *The Rose Without a Thorn*, by Clifford Bax, a play which is also ably standing the test of the years. It deals with the marriage of Henry VIII. to Katherine Howard, and its tragic sequel.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, translated by D. L. Orna and adapted by Gaston Baty. One of television's major and most successful efforts. John Fernald's production gave rise to a number of excellent performances, of which I have only space to mention Kenneth Griffith as the fevered Raskolnikoff, Frances Hyland as the tragic Sonia, and Harold Kasket as the relentless Porphyrius. A special bouquet to Stephen Bundy for his settings and to whoever did the lighting for achieving an almost three-dimensional effect.

The measured, courageous and entirely unhypocritical way in which the moral problems of this country were faced and discussed in the November 27th *In the News*, by Messrs. Boothby, Brown, Taylor and Greenwood; and also in *Press Conference* on December 2nd, by the Bishop of London.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

The Vauxhall Wyvern

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

VAUXHALLS this year celebrate fifty years of car-making and deserve our good wishes. During this half-century they have produced one or two classic cars, but, in the main, they have concentrated on producing a car of medium or low price which, while it may not have hit any headlines, sold in large numbers and gave the motoring public what it wanted. The current *Wyvern* is a very worthy continuation of this policy.

The *Wyvern* is, of course, the smaller of the two models now being produced, having a 4-cylinder $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre engine. The luggage boot is very large, but seems to gain its size by robbing the interior. Although a large boot is necessary for overseas touring, I would gladly swop some boot space for greater room inside.

The two-spoke steering wheel gives excellent vision for the instruments neatly grouped on the dashboard, beneath the centre of which the switches and heater controls are all laid out in line. However, they are not illuminated, and to find the right one in the dark is difficult at first.

The car has a three-speed gear-box, a maximum speed of 70 m.p.h., and a comfortable cruising speed of 60 m.p.h., though with a slight (but not dangerous) roll on rapid bends. The general smoothness, both for driver and back-seat passengers, I would rate highly. The gear change is, for a column-mounted lever, smooth, and brakes are up to modern standards and speeds, although, on the car I tried I fancy the pedal pressure required was, perhaps, too great. But there was no doubt of its ability to stop in an emergency, as I had cause to discover, thanks to the absurd behaviour of a bunch of lunch-hungry cyclists emerging from a factory!

Vauxhalls make play with their over-square engines, which are certainly efficient. Owing to the difficulty of making a close reading on the petrol gauge (indicator would be a better term, I am sure, for the modern instrument that performs this function), I am unable to quote a definite m.p.g., but 33 would be an approximate figure.

That seems to sum up the car to me. Economical to buy and to run, offering pleasing motoring, both for business and pleasure, the *Wyvern* will continue the popularity of its makers, and find contented owners for a long time.

This and That

THE modern motor manufacturing plant is a remarkable example of engineering skill, and I have made it my business to see as many as I can. Each has something special to show the engineer: at Luton, Vauxhalls have the only factory in the country that produces both body and chassis complete on a large scale. I was especially impressed with the way in which the lower half of the body-cum-chassis is given a special dip in a preserving liquid, which penetrates right inside the box section of the frame and into the most tucked-away crevices.

* * * * *

Not only Vauxhalls, but the whole British Motor Industry has a record production this year and, from what one hears, it will continue next year and the year after. It would not be unkind if I were to suggest that the Sales Departments have a busy time ahead of them. It will be welcome, at any rate, to see a flood of new cars coming into the home market this month. It is time a good many of the pre-war machines were retired, and, while forecasting is dangerous, I prophesy a drop in the prices of second-hand cars.

* * * * *

Christmas is almost upon us, yet, as I write, motoring has hardly presented a winter problem so far. The remarkable autumn has eased motoring considerably, but I hope it has not lulled car owners into a false state of mind. The various motoring organisations have issued their seasonal reminders about preparing the car for cold weather use: garages display anti-freeze mixture. Yet I imagine many are not prepared for hard times, and we may yet have a white Christmas. I would suggest preparing for winter now. Christmas functions so often involve leaving the car outside, and trouble will result for the unprepared motorist. I have mournful visions of home-going revellers' finding their cars frozen up or bogged in snow.

* * * * *

Congratulations are due to Sunbeam-Talbot for taking the first two places in both the Touring and Sports classes in the first Great American Mountain Rally. The "90" and *Alpine* models are certainly making a terrific reputation for themselves in this sort of event.

Miss Ann Coulson and Mr. L. Frank find their way into the ballroom by Rally-type signposted directions.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Veysey discuss the reunion cake and the Rally cups.

G.B. CAR CLUB REUNION

The G.B. Car Club, who held the London-Languedoc-Sète Touring Rally in August, celebrated their first reunion dinner-dance in the Orchid Room of the Dorchester Hotel on November 28th. This was the first opportunity many of the members had had for getting together again with fellow-participants in the ten-day Rally, and the occasion was held to be an excellent cause for celebration. *The Sketch* Challenge Trophy for the best performance in the Rally is on display (*above*) along with other trophies—including those for the winners of the "lucky draw" held during the evening!

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Miss Shirley Hallam and Mr. Jeff Buxton are also amused by the signs hung to guide arriving guests.

Mr. Dudley Noble stops for a word with Mrs. J. A. Masters, Lord George Wellesley and Mrs. Kay Petre, who were at the head table.

Re-living the Rally: Mr. C. R. Volz, obviously describing a perilous bend to Mr. and Mrs. A. Fitzpatrick.

Organising the lucky draw together here are Mr. J. T. Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. C. M. Croft and Mrs. G. L. Portham.

Party sharing a dinner-table are Mrs. P. Kay (*foreground*), Wing-Commander E. G. Monk, Mrs. C. H. Blundell, Mr. P. Kay, Mrs. E. G. Monk, Mr. C. H. Blundell, Mrs. Patricia Jonas and Mr. Wilfred Martin.

Col. C. M. Croft delivers a witty after-dinner speech. Fellow-guests (*clockwise from extreme left*) are Mrs. Croft, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Ferrier, Mrs. and Mr. Colin Mann, and Mrs. and Mr. R. M. Farror.

Where the Snow Lies Round About . . .

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF DENMARK ENJOYS A LOG CABIN CHRISTMAS

CELEBRATING Christmas in a magnificent old castle with hordes of servants on hand to do your every bidding may sound an attractive proposition to most people—but there is one family to whom it is anathema. And it isn't a matter of sour grapes either, for this particular family owns the front-door key to half-a-dozen of the world's most palatial homes in a thousand-year-old kingdom on the North Sea—Denmark.

They are King Frederik the Ninth, his Queen, Ingrid, and their three little Princesses: Margrethe (13), Benedikte (9) and Anne-Marie (7), who think a truly Royal Christmas is one celebrated as ordinary people do. Their isolated hunting lodge, set amidst towering pines and surrounded by an abundance of wild life, is near Trend, in Northern Jutland.

The log cabin : scene of the Royal holiday.

So, when Yuletide draws near, there is a bustle around the gilded salons and red-carpeted corridors of Copenhagen's Amalienborg Palace, as the Royal family prepares for the Christmas holiday. The three young Princesses are always ready first, suit-cases all packed as they await impatiently for daddy to dispose of the most pressing affairs of State, and for mummy to finish with her numerous Christmas charities.

Their shrill insistence that it is time to leave is stilled, though, when the Queen takes them shopping in one of Copenhagen's big stores. There, as excited as other little girls out shopping with mother, they mingle with the crowds; for no guards accompany the Royal family in Denmark. (One foreigner, seeing the King walking alone, asked a messenger boy: "Who guards him?" and the messenger replied: "Why, we *all* do!")

When the Royal family boards the ferry that will take them to Jutland and their isolated Christmas cottage, they happily forget the manners of the Court. The King changes into his everyday worst, discarding his collar, while the Queen pulls on an old pair of slacks and binds up her hair with a scarf.

The lodge was designed by the Queen herself, and built shortly before the war. It is just large enough for the Royal family and one or two servants. Visitors, other than relatives, are seldom invited. Photographers are not allowed. Here is the privacy a Royal family rarely attains.

Compared to the pomp and circumstance of ordinary Royal living, staying at this isolated cottage deep in the woods means roughing it. The King is assigned the jobs of looking after the fire and carrying out the ash can. He also helps with the dish-washing, while the Queen looks after the cooking and makes the beds.

King Frederik of Denmark with Queen Ingrid and the Princesses Margrethe (13), Benedikte (9) and Anne-Marie (7).

For the Princesses, Christmas really begins when they trudge out through the woods with daddy and the gamekeeper to choose their Christmas-tree. Daddy, who developed his muscles in the Royal Navy, can swing an axe with the best of them. There is no moment quite like that when the tree hits the ground. Then, like the Little Fir Tree of Hans Andersen's fairy story, it is dragged to the lodge to be glorified for the supreme event.

The girls make little cones and hearts of coloured paper and fill them with sweets to help decorate the tree. Like most other Christmas trees in Denmark, it is festooned with tinsel, flags, gilded fruits and nuts, and holds delicate candles on each outstretched branch, ready for the magic moment of lighting.

The day before Christmas, the King and Queen and the Princesses call on the gamekeeper and neighbouring forestry workers in their homes, bringing presents which the Queen has personally selected. In the afternoon the Royal family join the villagers in a tiny church some distance away. Work ceases as the church bells peal, and people flock into the ancient church, festively lighted with candles and decorated with fragrant evergreen.

Then everyone goes home for the traditional Christmas Eve dinner. It begins with a rice porridge in which is hidden one almond: whoever finds the nut in his bowl gets a special present. This porridge is served with butter and a mixture of sugar and cinnamon, and a non-alcoholic sweet beer. Then comes the roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes, surrounded by mounds of potatoes browned in sugar, white potatoes, and red cabbage cooked in vinegar, spices and the red juice of "ribs" berries. Dessert is often apple-crumb cake with whipped cream.

Dinner over, the parents light the candles on the tree, and the whole family join hands circling it and singing old Danish Christmas hymns. Then the gaily wrapped parcels are dragged from under the tree and unwrapped.

As the happy Christmas Eve draws to a close, the King and Queen kiss the three little Princesses goodnight and bundle them off to bed, often still clutching their favourite gifts under their arms, like little girls the world over.

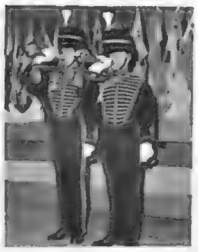
Between Christmas and the New Year, the King really relaxes and does as he pleases, though his idea of relaxing is hardly restful. Getting up early in the morning, he starts with a choking steam bath. Then he pulls on a pair of swimming trunks and dashes outside, where, to the delight of the Princesses, he rolls in the nearest snowdrift. Strangely enough, this Nordic bath doesn't give him pneumonia. He seems to thrive on it.

His next favourite recreation is driving his jeep at a terrifying speed through the forest, stopping to observe the work of the forester and gamekeeper. In the evenings, he sits by the fireplace chatting with his family, reading ghost stories, or listening to recordings of symphony concerts. Some of these are symphonies he has conducted himself, for he is an accomplished musician, and often conducts the Danish National Orchestra.

But a King can't go on living just like anybody for long. So, on the last day of the Old Year, the carefree shirt-sleeved fellow in the little cottage packs his Christmas presents and returns with his family to the Royal residence at Copenhagen, to become once more King Frederik IX. of Denmark, Sovereign of the Wends and the Goths, Duke of Schleswig, Holstein, the Stormarn, the Ditmarsk, Lauenburg and Oldenburgh—one of the oldest kingdoms of the world.

SOUTHAMPTON T. A. OFFICERS' BALL

Receiving guests at the Blighmont Territorial Army Centre at Millbrook were Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. T. Orman, here shown greeting Colonel and Mrs. Burgess Webb on their arrival.



Trumpeters C. W. Cook and L. A. Warboys.

The sideshows were an unqualified success: Mrs. William and Mrs. Cameron Henderson provide amusement for their fellow-guests by trying their prowess at a coconut shy.

Miss Mary Jacques (*centre*) laughs as Captain A. Hubbard professes a feeling of guilt at winning two Tombola prizes with tickets sold him by his wife (*left*).

Two young trumpeters of the King's Troop, R.H.A., St. John's Wood, were present to greet Major-General H. C. Phipps, G.O.C. 2nd A.A. Group, with a fanfare on his arrival at the Southampton Territorial Army Officers' Ball, which was held at the Blighmont T.A. Centre, Millbrook, on November 27th. The event was well organised, and guests thoroughly enjoyed the sideshow entertainment, which included a shooting-gallery, a coconut shy and a Tombola with really excellent prizes. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. T. Orman received the guests and were responsible for the complete success of the evening.

A young foursome deep in conversation together around the supper-table are Lieut. J. R. Gill, Miss Bridget Malcolm, Mr. A. R. Gill and Miss Jennifer Gould.

Mr. I. N. Knott apparently finds Mrs. O. Kinish's efforts at the shooting-range positively hilarious, as Mrs. Knott and Mr. Kinish attempt to tender help and advice.

Mr. Kenneth McDonald, lucky winner of a ladies' bicycle in the Tombola, receives some good-humoured teasing and helpful advice from the ladies on how to ride it.

The Tombola prizes were nothing if not novel, and some were quite extraordinary. Here, Mrs. Mason Elliott proudly shows her prize to a group of amused friends.

Ticket-holders gather around as Lieut.-Colonel F. T. Orman calls the winning numbers at the Tombola stand, where prizes ranged from dolls to very dead-looking pheasants!

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Tantrums and Treasure

Torch Song

(*Empire*)

THERE 'S one thing to be said right away for Joan Crawford's pictures; they do give the audience an eyeful of fashion. In the latest of them, *Torch Song*, the eye is even fuller than ever, partly because the film is in Technicolor, partly because the star never seems to play two scenes in the same costume. What 's more, she frequently indulges in what stage players technically describe as " underdressing "—wearing one garment beneath another to ensure quick changes. Miss Crawford's underdressing, of course, is not primarily for that purpose, but rather for the delight of the beholder, who is fascinated to see a canary yellow, high-necked bed-robe suddenly discarded, to reveal snowy pyjamas, or a full and flowing skirt unbuckled to show snug dancing tights.

Yes, the lady is a dancer as well as a torch-singer : a musical-comedy star named Jenny Stewart, who is rehearsing for a new show called *Evening With Jenny*. It is a little difficult to imagine what *sort* of show *Evening With Jenny* is going to be from the bits we are privileged to see of it. What does seem clear is that it 's likely to be something of a mess, since Jenny, " a perfectionist," insists upon interfering in everyone else's department. She alters the production, and the dress designs, and the music, and makes all the people round her thoroughly wretched. Although she doesn't know it, she is putting up " a defence mechanism " against life's loneliness. She imagines she 's Tough. But she really isn't. In spite of her glittering success on the boards, she 's just so desperately Alone.

Or at least, she 's alone until one morning at rehearsal she finds her usual accompanist missing, and a quiet stranger, with a guide-dog by his side, sitting at the piano. His name is Tye Graham, and he is a blind war veteran, who has secretly loved Jenny these ten years, and bribed her pianist to take a trip to Cuba. Although Tye is in love, he is also critical, and he alone of the company refuses to be impressed by the star's tantrums. When she sings badly, he politely but firmly tells her so. When she imperiously commands his presence at parties, he is otherwise engaged. When she tries to argue with him, he smiles in a disconcertingly aloof English way, and moves off with his devoted guide-dog.

The effect on Jenny is exactly what might be hoped, and the love-hate relationship between the pair (I believe that 's the way the psychologists would describe it) forms the substance of *Torch Song*. Perhaps " relationship " is hardly the word, for it takes two to make a relationship, and Miss Crawford, with her flaming red hair, long eyelashes and all those costumes, is held very firmly in the centre spotlight. Michael Wilding, as the pianist, does all that can be done within the limitations of his part, but it struck me sometimes that he was perhaps less of a leading man than what the old stage plays used to call a " walking gentleman."

Beat the Devil

(*Warner*)

THE first intriguing thing about *Beat the Devil* is that it was directed by John Huston, who made *Moulin Rouge* and *The African Queen*, apart from a fine list of Hollywood pictures. The second intriguing thing is the constitution of the cast, headed by Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre and Edward Underdown. Whatever kind of story, one can't help wondering, will bring this distinguished but curious assortment of players together?

Well, the answer is a simple one—treasure-seeking, a sport which knows no national boundaries. All the characters in the piece are bound for East Africa, by way of Italy, to seek their fortunes, the innocents with coffee-planting, the villains with the acquisition of a piece of land known to be rich in uranium.

The plot of *Beat the Devil* is sketchy, and the whole thing falls into the class of light entertainment. But as well as being light, it 's bright; something recognisable at once as quality picture-making. The backgrounds of Southern Italy are charming; the film has pace and wit, and the actors hardly ever disappoint us. Perhaps the most inveigling piece of work comes from Jennifer Jones, cast as the wide-eyed, prattling, staunch but utterly mendacious little wife of an Englishman from Earls Court, who dreams of becoming Someone in the West Country, with a trout stream and some good rough shooting. Our Edward Underdown (whom sporting readers may know better as an amateur jockey) plays his faintly absurd part with just the right shade of dignity, and stands up well to a bunch of considerably more experienced actors. Personally, I was delighted that he and Miss Jones got the uranium in the end.

The Bigamist

(*Odeon, Marble Arch*)

THE latest film which Ida Lupino has chosen both to act in and direct is, like its predecessors, a heavy, dramatic piece; but this time it is concerned primarily with a moral problem. The hero (Edmond O'Brien) is a travelling salesman, who feels so lonely in a strange city, away from the wife (Joan Fontaine) whom he adores, that he allows himself to drift into a brief affair with a sympathetic waitress (Ida Lupino). When he learns that the waitress is about to become a mother, he takes the extraordinary course of bigamously marrying her. He carries on a double life until his real wife wants to adopt a baby, and the investigations of the Adoption Society bring him to trial and punishment. He appears to take the judgment very calmly, and indeed to be quite pleased to go to prison; leaving the responsibility of an eventual settlement in the hands of his two women. One can't help feeling that these affairs have been managed with greater discretion before in other places; if not in America, perhaps here, or in France.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

For Christmas Morning

Joyously she unwraps her gifts on a cold Christmas morning, wearing a Victorian-inspired nightdress in pink, fine wool, with a yoke edged and trimmed with chiffon. Price 9 guineas, from Elizabeth Arden. Mauve velvet mules, with sparkling rhinestones, 94s. 6d., from Lilley and Skinner. The gifts in their Christmas wrappings are chosen from the Elizabeth Arden Salon. "Twinkle," a delightful present for any Pekinese lover, is from Alderbourne's, Lansdowne Row. Furniture by Maples.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

OUR FASHION

Hair growing slightly longer is taken back to break forward over the ears. The back hair is gathered into a froth of half-curls. Alan Spiers, Berkeley Square.

Short and trim, but very feminine, cut to suit the present fashion mood. The front hair is brushed upwards, curvi over the brow. Riché, Hay Hill.

Elegance in a head outlined by swirling, irregular layers of half-curls, flicking forward over the ears and brow. Raymond, Grafton Street, and newly in Knightsbridge.

Soft curls fall on the brow and forward over the ears. The back is longer on the nape of the neck. Truefitt and Hill, Old Bond Street.

Christmas Ahead

What could bring more cheer to a woman, and give her more confidence in her charm, than a new hair-style, either for Christmas or the New Year? We show new ideas from our leading London hair-

PORTFOLIO (continued)

A hair-style that looks so deceivingly simple, dependent on superb skill in styling. Smooth, sweeping with a forward movement at ear-level. French of London, Curzon Place.

Layers of curls frame the brow, and the longer back hair is brushed softly with an upwards swirl into the nape of the neck. Vasco, Dover Street.

A lively style, achieved by the cleverest cutting and dressing, with a forward movement and longer hair at the back. Antoine, Dover Street.

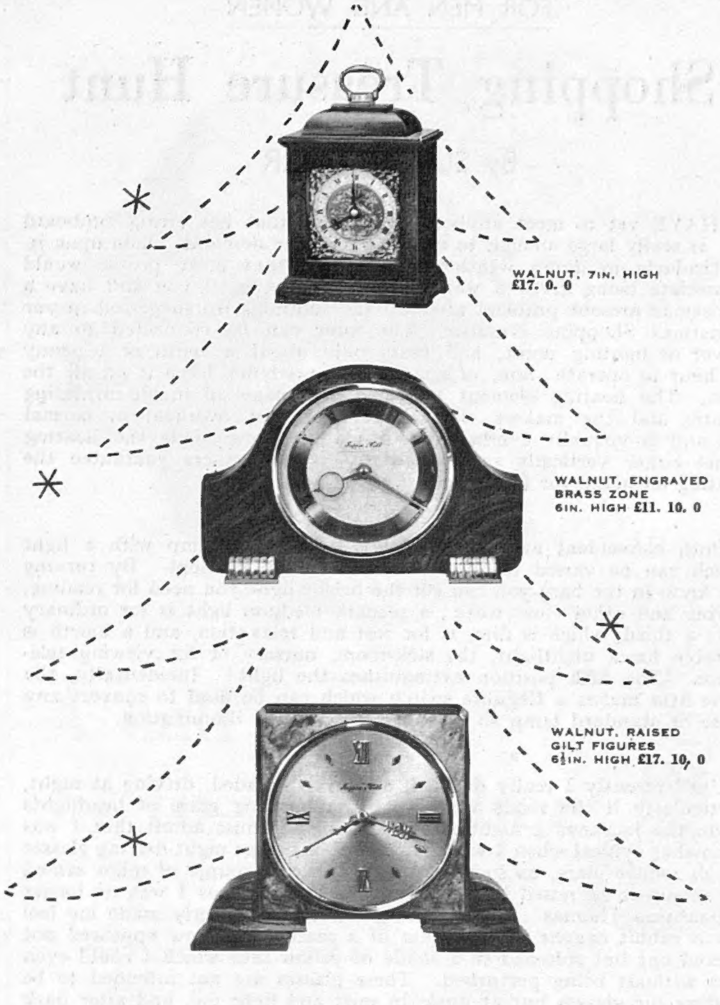
Flat chip curls are dressed across a sweep of hair. The sides are swept back and forward over the ears, curving gracefully on the nape line. Steiner, Grosvenor Street.

dressers, emphasizing how hair-styles of to-day, with their soft, well-groomed casual air and clever cutting, follow the fashion trend of easy, sheer-lined femininity. Some stylists believe that hair should grow longer, some keep it short. Some show a forward movement, some sweep the hair away from the face. All show by skilful dressing creations that have gaiety, wit and a contemporary charm.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

In the mood of the moment, charming for the young ; gay and practical for whisking through the early-morning hours, under one of the new short house-coats ; but not for the girl with cold feet. A short rayon nightdress, lace-trimmed round a tiny yoke, in various pastel shades. Price 49s. 11d. Worn with fur-trimmed mules. All from Bourne and Hollingsworth. Venetian blind and furniture from Maples.



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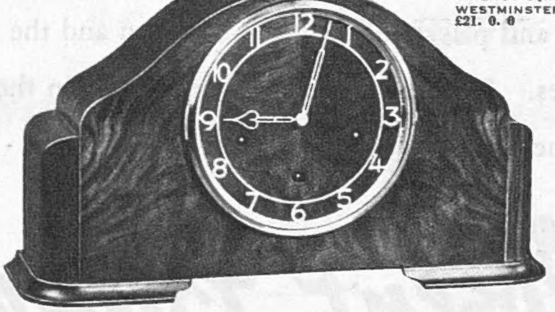

A clock makes a very welcome gift, and one of the most attractive displays of modern and reproduction clocks in London is at Mappin and Webb's Showrooms, each clock carrying the full Mappin guarantee. Come and look around the Showrooms this Christmas. We will also gladly send you our Catalogue, and you may order from it with every confidence.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

I HAVE yet to meet anybody who finds that her airing cupboard is really large enough to cope with all the demands made upon it, particularly in damp weather, so I think that most people would appreciate being given a wardrobe airer—that is, if you still have a Christmas present problem after all the solutions we suggested in our Christmas Shopping Number. The airer can be connected to any power or lighting point, and costs only about a tenth of a penny an hour to operate; and, of course, you need not have it on all the time. The heating element is sealed in a panel of tough insulating plastic, and the makers claim that it cannot overheat in normal use and is virtually everlasting. A plated frame holds the heating panel either vertically or horizontally. The makers guarantee the heating elements for five years.

* * *

Both convenient and economical is an electric lamp with a light which can be varied to suit the mood or the moment. By turning the knob in the base you can get the bright light you need for reading, sewing and other close work; a second, medium light is for ordinary use; a third, which is dim, is for rest and relaxation, and a fourth is suitable for a nightlight, the sick-room, nursery or for viewing television. The fifth position extinguishes the light! Incidentally, the same firm makes a Regulite switch which can be used to convert any table or standard lamp so as to give controlled illumination.

* * *

Until recently I really disliked, and even dreaded, driving at night, particularly if the roads were wet; the blinding glare of headlights made the journeys a nightmare. Although I must admit that I was somewhat cynical when I was first told about some night-driving glasses which reduce glare, as soon as I had driven a couple of miles armed (or should it be nosed?) with a pair of these glasses I was no longer a Doubting Thomas. The white lights, which formerly made me feel like a rabbit caught in the beam of a searchlight, now appeared not filtered out but softened to a shade of yellow into which I could even gaze without being perturbed. These glasses are not intended to be used as sun-glasses but at dusk, in mist and light fog, and after dark they just have to be seen through to be believed, as they not only reduce dazzle but produce a remarkable effect of brightening the entire visual scene and increasing the sharpness of distant outlines. They are comfortable to wear and can be obtained in various models, the ladies' model having slightly shorter ear-pieces. For spectacle-wearers there is a special "Roadmaster-Clipover."

* * *

When we moved into our present flat, I made up my mind that our Cocker spaniel should not sleep in our bedroom. Within a couple of days—if as long—he had pushed his way in, and spent the night on the floor at the foot of our bed. I surrendered weakly, and his basket was moved into our bedroom.

While he had an ordinary wicker basket I noticed that he sometimes spent the greater part of the night alongside it, stretched out rather than curled up. So I was particularly interested when my husband came across a dog-bed which seemed a great advance on a wicker basket, and is obviously regarded as far more comfortable by Ben. This bed is soft, warm and comfortable, and gives greater freedom of movement. It is strong but light, and is made of canvas wired on to a frame; a stout canvas undersling prevents sagging. It can be easily washed and disinfected without removing the canvas from the frame, and is fitted with a fold-down rail on three sides, covered to protect the dog from draughts. One of the great advantages of the dog-bed is that it folds flat for storage or travelling, whereas a wicker basket is one of the most impracticable things to take on a journey. There are three types of bed—types 2 and 3 being the best—but all can be reconditioned and fitted with new canvases if necessary. A special size of bed is made to suit each breed.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Herga Electric Wardrobe Airer: 45s.; John Lewis and Selfridges.

Regulite Lamp: 80s. 11d.; without shade, 52s. 6d.; Regulite switch: 28s.; John Barker.

"Roadmaster" night-driving glasses: 17s. 6d.; "Roadmaster-Clipover" for spectacle-wearers: 9s. 10d.; Fortnum and Mason; Simpsons (Piccadilly).

Goddard's Dog Beds: prices vary according to type and size. Two examples are: Type No. 2, medium size for Cocker spaniels, etc., 51s. 1d.; Type No. 3 (de luxe model complete with cushion, etc.), same size: 82s. 10d.; Selfridges, Army and Navy Stores, Gamages and other leading stores and pet shops.

Now—at this very minute—in far-away places all over the world—The SKETCH is gladdening the hearts of many a wishful family, with its news and pictures of people and places, of events in London and the Counties. To keep friends and relatives "in the know" there is nothing like The SKETCH.

Absent friends

It comes fortnightly as a "token" of British Citizenship and, to many, as an indication of regard from someone at home. It is so easy to send The SKETCH to friends or relatives overseas and what better gift to those yearning for news of Britain? A note to The Publisher—the name and address of your friend—and he will do the rest.

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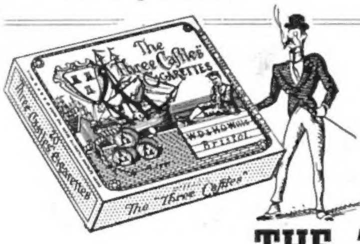
SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES

Higson (at last winging a Pheasant, after missing right and left all day). "Ah, ha! Knocked him over that time, Jenkins!"

Keeper. "Yes, Sir, they will fly into it sometimes!"

[The bucolic Jenkins may be forgiven for not wholly participating in the Exuberant Jubilation which so obviously possessed his Master. But when offered one of the Sporting Gentleman's 'THREE CASTLES' Cigarettes, he was constrained to admit that although the Squire's prowess in the Field left much to be desired, his choice of a Good Tobacco was Impeccable.



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